



Birth



sherk is love

👁 27 ✓ 0 ⭐ 1

Chapter 1 by Mark Johansenn Cahill

"I was born. I was born. I was born. I was dead."

These were the words that rung inside my head every time I go to get sleep.

I feared these words

I feared everything, not knowing what would happen next.

I loved my life before this, but soon after I died, everything changed.

My eyes never open, despite the effort I put into it. It pains me whenever I do that.

I forgot what I do the second I do it, but remember what my fears were.

This has been going on for a few months perhaps? I feel that I am fed. Fed well that is.

From time to time, I would hear a voice. A soft one that is. I find it very comforting and relaxing.

All of my fears were forgotten in those moments. I am in debt to that person

I have loved myself but I have

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Louder.

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